

Translation: Kuroko no Basuke -Replace II- 4th G

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Kuroko no Basuke -Replace II- Kiseki no Gakuen Matsuri
4th G: Touou Academy's Sleepless Night

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Chn->Eng translator: me (riffkaa @ Tumblr); translated with permission

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Notes: I apologize in advance for any awkward translations/sentences. (/_\) Feel free to correct~ Some translation notes at the end by me.

—
4th G: Touou Academy's Sleepless Night

Winter's cold air blew through the opened window of the gym. But to the sweaty Touou Academy basketball club's students who were training, this was not enough. The fiery atmosphere of the gym in fact needed air conditioning to bring the temperature down. This was a particular weekend close to the Winter Cup. They were in the middle of choosing the regular members, so everyone in the basketball club was practicing with their all. However, only one person was the exception.

"Not there?!"

Hearing first year Sakurai Ryo's words, basketball club captain Imayoshi Shouichi opened his slender eyes slightly. This was already his most surprised expression.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I searched the entire room, but there wasn't anyone..."

Sakurai Ryo incessantly bowed his head in apology. Even though it was not his fault, the boy was about to cry.

"I locked the room's door, yet, he still escaped, huh..."

Imayoshi rubbed his chin, deep in thought. "This is really bad."

"What is?"

Second year Wakamatsu Kousuke ran over and asked.

"Aomine again?"

Just saying the name got Wakamatsu in a bad mood. As he thought 'Leave him alone', he saw Imayoshi smile bitterly saying:

"It is, but this time it's really quite bad."

"Then leave that guy alone!"

Looking at the snarling Wakamatsu, Imayoshi smiled vaguely: "Hmm..."

Sakurai was apprehensive at the side:

“U- um! I’ll go look again!”

However, Imayoshi stopped him: “It’s useless, forget it.”

“Is there a problem?”

Seeing the three regular members crowded together talking, third year Susa Yoshinori was a bit curious and stopped his activities, going over to investigate the situation.

“If you guys are over there slacking off, it’ll influence the other members negatively.”

Hearing the role model senior’s words, Imayoshi said: “Ah, we can’t do this.” And then suddenly quirked the corner of his lips upward.

“Can’t help it. We’ll discuss this later. Sakurai, Wakamatsu, Susa, come to my room after practice ends. I have to talk to you guys.”

Imayoshi’s so-called ‘my room’ referred to his single room within the student dormitory.

Touou Academy consisted of athletes from all over the nation assembled together. For the sake of students from faraway places, the school specifically prepared the student dormitory. Third year Imayoshi lived in a single room, which could approximately accommodate four male students. Worth mentioning was that Susa, who also lived in the dormitory, was next door neighbours with Imayoshi.

“I understand.”

“Got it.”

The captain’s orders could not be refused. Sakurai and Wakamatsu nodded their heads in reply, but only Susa sighed quietly. From his experiences, Imayoshi’s smile just now meant a very high probability of him planning something not good.

Looking at the suspiciously smiling Imayoshi, Susa’s face asked, “What are you trying to get us to do?” but Imayoshi only changed the subject and smilingly said, “Alright, hurry up and practice.”

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Susa’s premonition, sure enough, came true.

“How did it turn out like this?!”

Wakamatsu vented his resentment in Imayoshi’s room.

He angrily slapped the low table full of handouts, causing bits of eraser to hop around.

“Wakamatsu, if you have time to say that, you should just work! Get to it!”

Imayoshi, sitting across from him on the low table, stopped writing answers to remind Wakamatsu.

“These assignments must be finished by tomorrow.”

“What I’m saying is! Why is it up to us to do these?! They’re Aomine’s, right?! Make him do them himself!”

Wakamatsu held up the assignment handout in front of him, rapping the table. Indeed, on the handout’s ‘Name’ line,

crookedly written were the four characters 'Aomine Daiki'.

"Alright, alright." Imayoshi spread both his hands, indicating that Wakamatsu should sit down first.

"If Aomine himself were to do it, that would be best, of course. But we can't help it, he ran off."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry...!"

Sakurai, who was just working on problems, continuously apologized, hitting his head against the low table.

"It's alright, you don't have to apologize..."

Susa also stopped the pen in his hand, moving his stiff neck.

It was currently seven o'clock in the evening.

After the club activities ended, Sakurai, Wakamatsu, Susa, and the room's tenant, Imayoshi, all gathered in Imayoshi's room. They each sat at one of the low table's four sides, heads low. On one hand, they struggled with their bodies tired from training, fighting against their brains, and on the other, they worked on Aomine's assignments for him.

Why?

The answer was very simple.

If these assignments were not handed in by tomorrow, then Winter Cup participation was forbidden.

This was not referring to other people, it was Aomine.

"Aomine himself should know this very well! If you can't hand in the assignments, then you can't participate in the Winter Cup. So if he still doesn't do them, then it means that guy doesn't intend to participate, right?!"

Wakamatsu continued to roar. However, Imayoshi completely let it go in one ear and out there other, calmly replying: "Don't look at him like that, he actually put in effort. Don't you see that he's at least left some answers on the handouts?"

"He only wrote his name and casually scribbled a few words!"

"If you don't write your name, it's zero marks. Despite all this, even if you fail a test, as long as you dutifully hand in assignments, you can still get course marks. The school's teachers are so kind I could cry."

"...I really want to see what kind of face you make when you cry."

"Ahaha, Susa, you're such a tease!"

In response to Susa's words, Imayoshi replied with a superficial smile.

"Come to think of it, that guy Aomine..." Just as Wakamatsu wanted to complain again, Sakurai suddenly turned to Susa and quietly asked:

"Susa-senpai, from the beginning, Imayoshi-senpai couldn't have..."

"I would say so..."

The two quickly saw through Imayoshi's plans.

From the start, he was preparing to make them do Aomine's assignments in place of him.

In the morning, coach Harasawa Katsunori discussed Aomine's special tutoring countermeasure with Imayoshi:

"Keep a close watch on Aomine-kun until he finishes his assignments. Momoi-san is not here today, so come up with something yourself."

It was around then when it started.

Otherwise, Imayoshi, clearly knowing that Aomine would escape, would not have brought him to his own room.

"Basically, do me a favour: stay here and study properly. I'll come take a look from time to time."

Tossing this repeated warning away, and without the person watching over him, an escape was made.

His purpose was to create an "Aomine escaped without a trace under our supervision. It can't be helped, only we can do his assignments in his place" situation.

To catch Aomine, who doesn't accept being disciplined, and force him to do his assignments or to find people to do his assignments for him. Unfortunately, after Imayoshi weighed these two options, deciding the latter was much more efficient, time-saving, effort-saving, and more likely to happen, he made this decision.

As a result, in order to pull the other members into it, he purposely let Sakurai check if Aomine was still there, and then step by step, let Wakamatsu and Susa unable to stay out of it, and finally calling these three people to come his room.

The proof was when Imayoshi told them "I have something to tell you guys" in the evening; when Susa and the others arrived, only saying "You guys are finally here"; and then making everyone sit at one side of the low table, passing out an assignment and saying, "Alright, let's start." It can be clearly seen Imayoshi planned this far in advance.

When the three discovered they got caught in the trap, it was already too late. Even though this method had a bit of 'beat around the bush' to it, it was most definitely Imayoshi's style: to make someone dance in the palm of his hand. Susa and Sakurai simultaneously sighed. However, having not yet discovered Imayoshi's motives, Wakamatsu's anger had yet to subside.

"Also, this guy's answers are way too weird!"

Changing targets, Wakamatsu turned to attack Aomine's few answers. He brought the handout in front of Imayoshi.

"Look at what this is!"

"Hm?"

Imayoshi squinted those slender eyes behind glasses and began to take a look. Sakurai and Susa curiously craned their necks over.

It was a Japanese Language assignment.

Question: Why did Otsuu say 'I request that you must never, ever peek inside the room'?

Answer: Because she was having an affair.

"That bastard is a devil! Does he not know what kind of feelings Otsuu held as she wove the fabric?! Going so far as to say she was having an affair! Isn't that going overboard?!"

Wakamatsu's eyes were seeing red as he accused.

"...But right now, why would a high school assignment use 'The Crane's Repayment' as a topic?" [1]

Susa couldn't help adding.

"The teacher probably also took into account Aomine's abilities when making these questions. Speaking of which, everything he writes is in katakana."

Imayoshi pointed out another issue.

Sakurai then said, "That's already better. Take a look at mine." He looked at the handout in his hands, then turned it around to show the other three.

It was an English Language assignment.

Question: Please translate 'Hey, you! There is no smoking room!' into Japanese.

Answer: Heyyo! There is no yokozuna in this room!

Seeing this answer, Imayoshi bursted out in laughter.

"Ahahaha! So 'smoking' actually means yokozuna! Hilarious! This guy is such a prankster! I really want to give him another 30 marks!"

"How can you still laugh? His answers are all the kind of answers that make you not sure whether to laugh or cry. Even just erasing all his answers will make you tired to death!"

"Seriously, was that idiot dropped on the head?! How could 'smoking' be yokozuna, it should be great yokozuna!"

When Wakamatsu finished speaking, he discovered the other three staring at him.

"W-what are you looking at?!"

Suddenly having all three gazes concentrated on himself made Wakamatsu shift backwards uncomfortably.

"...I'm telling you, Wakamatsu. 'Smoking' does not mean the king of sumo..." [2]

Susa, face full of anguish, wanted to correct, but was stopped by Imayoshi.

"Wait, don't tell him! This natural ability of his, it would be too pitiful to correct it!"

"Hey! What are you guys talking about?! How come I don't get any of it?!"

Wakamatsu was prepared to find out the truth at any cost, but Imayoshi patted his shoulder and said:

"Listen, Wakamatsu. Right now, we really need your brains."

"Ah?! W-what are you suddenly s-saying...?"

"If we didn't have your answers that are similarly filled with humor as Aomine's, we won't be able to finish these assignments! We need you!"

"I-is that so...?"

Hearing Imayoshi's rarely seen persuasion brimming with passion, Wakamatsu smiled a little proudly.

"If all of them are answered by us, it'll be easily seen that they're not written by Aomine himself. But with you, it's a

different story. With you, we can 'commit the perfect crime'!"

" 'Perfect crime'...!"

Wakamatsu got a bit excited repeating this unexpected phrase. It seemed a mischievous trait distinctive of young boys was being awakened.

"Wakamatsu, will you join us?"

"Of course! Come on! Let me show you guys the perfect crime!"

Wakamatsu fiercely took up a handout.

Imayoshi watched him, extremely satisfied.

Susa was deep in thoughts.

Imayoshi just indirectly stated Wakamatsu was just as dumb as Aomine...

Sakurai seemed to be thinking the same thing, as both their gazes met.

And then again, at the same time, sighing a breath of air, took Aomine's assignments.

By the time it was well into the night, bodies tortured by the exhaustion of training were strongly desiring sleep.

The temptation of sleeping could not be resisted by one person alone, so the four exchanged the secret weapons of forehead flicks and arm punches to resist, and finally, lasted until the next day's early hours of five o'clock.

"F-finished...!"

Finishing the last word, Wakamatsu flopped onto the table. The wrist on the table was exhausted of any strength after experiencing a tumultuous night of arm punching, having turned red early on.

Having finished his part much earlier, Imayoshi, who was watching over them, breathed a sigh of relief. His forehead was also red.

"Wakamatsu's was the final one, right...?"

Susa asked Imayoshi, also having finished his own part early.

"Mm. It's finally finished. Good work, everyone."

Upon hearing Imayoshi's words, everyone let out a deep breath, as if letting out all of the dirty air in their lungs.

"I'm hungry..."

Wakamatsu, flopped over on the table, mumbled.

"I'm also a bit hungry..."

Susa echoed. Glancing at the time, he said, "The dorm starts serving breakfast at 6:30. Let's wait a bit."

Only Sakurai timidly raised his hand and said:

"U-um... I... I actually made breakfast..."

The other three looked toward him.

"What do you mean 'made'?"

Susa asked. Sakurai raised his head to look at him and explain:

"I finished rather early... So I just borrowed the dormitory kitchen and made a rather simple breakfast."

"Ah. Speaking of which, there was some time that you weren't here."

Imayoshi rubbed his chin in memory.

"U-um, it's just something really simple... if you don't mind..."

"Beautifully done, Sakurai!!"

Both Wakamatsu's eyes lit up with life and he stood with a 'bang'. Sakurai reflexively shrunk back.

"As long as I can eat, anything's fine! Where is it, where's the breakfast?!"

"I-in, um, in the dormitory kitchen..."

"Awesome!"

Wakamatsu ran out the room, looking as if his energy doubled, rendering one unable to imagine that just one minute ago, he was flopped over like he was dead.

"Since Sakurai put in the effort, I won't hold back."

"That's right."

Imayoshi and Wakamatsu also stood up, Sakurai following behind them, walking towards the kitchen.

Bright and early in the morning, the kitchen had an unexpected person.

"Bastard! Why are you here?!!"

Upon sight of the figure, Wakamatsu roared.

"Ehh, you gaif ar ere (you guys are here)."

Mouth stuffed with food, cheeks bulging, the one who turned around was the very one who escaped from the locked room without a trace, pushing all of his own assignments onto other people, Touou High basketball club's greatly anticipated ace - Aomine Daiki.

"Bastard, why are you here?!! Also, that meal! It wouldn't be the one Sakurai made, right?!"

Wakamatsu snarled. In front of Aomine were a rice bowl and several small plates, probably filled with food just minutes before.

Aomine swallowed the food in his mouth, not concerned in the least, saying, "Dunno."

"...Aomine, why are you here? Didn't you go back?"

Hearing Imayoshi's question, Aomine replied: "Mm, originally, that's what I planned..." Unknown whether it was because he was too full, he even yawned and scratched his messy bedhead.

Yesterday, during the day, having been locked in the room by Imayoshi, Aomine gave up the idea of escaping through the front door, turning to go through the balcony and climb over to the next room. Luckily, the room next

door's window leading to the balcony was not locked, so Aomine easily entered the room, and then planned to just exit... but he suddenly halted his steps. In that room, there was something worth him staying.

On the aluminum bookshelf were neatly stacked NBA-related books and magazines.

Without a doubt, this was Susa's room.

"This is a rare chance, so I'll take a look before I go. In the end, I fell asleep reading and just woke up."

"You were in my room this whole time...?!"

Hearing Aomine's explanation, Susa was absolutely speechless. After club activities, he went directly to Imayoshi's without going to his own room, never having thought that someone illegally entered and stayed.

However, the person was right next door, yet they did not discover this...

Thinking about this, Susa tilted his head, "Hm?"

"Aomine, since you were in my room, you should also know that we were helping you do your assignments, right?"

Susa asked the thought in his mind.

The dormitory walls were rather thin. What is said next door can basically be heard in its entirety.

"Ah, I think I heard it."

"Think? You..."

"Think your crap for brains!"

Hearing Aomine's unconcerned words, Susa couldn't help but let his shoulders droop, while Wakamatsu raged.

"Because of you, we pulled an all-nighter! Hurry up and thank us! Revere us! Be respectful! Be modest! And disappear before our eyes while you're at it!"

"Alright then."

"Hm?"

Hearing Aomine suddenly say this, Wakamatsu's eyes widened.

Aomine took the remaining octopus-shaped Vienna sausages and stuffed them into his mouth, "Thanks for the meal."

Having said that, he stood up and walked away.

"Tsk! Seriously! So unlucky first thing in the morning!"

After confirming Aomine left the kitchen, Wakamatsu pulled a nearby chair and sat down.

"Sakurai, breakfast! If I don't eat something soon, I'm going to puke!"

When Wakamatsu finished speaking, he looked at Sakurai, but saw only Sakurai blankly staring at the empty dish on the table.

"Sakurai? What is it?"

Imayoshi asked, confused.

Sakurai's eyes were brimming with tears, "G-gone..."

"Ah? What's gone?"

"The breakfast I made, it was all eaten by Aomine-san...!"

"What?!"

Sucking in a breath of air, speechless, Imayoshi, Susa, and Wakamatsu were dazed on the spot, unable to come up with any words.

A few minutes later.

"AOMINE—!!"

The combined sound of the sonata from their bellies and snarls that could cause the student dormitory to shake resounded through the air over the school.

*

Monday arrived.

Learning that Aomine narrowly handed in his assignments, Momoi was extremely happy.

"It's great! I heard your teachers left you a lot of assignments, and I was worried for you."

"It was nothing. If I put my mind to it, assignments are a piece of cake." [3]

Aomine quirked the corner of his lips upwards and said with a careless smile.

Titled as the "cutting edge tyrants," Touou Academy Basketball Club.

The legends of the "true tyrant's" arrival has thus increased by one. [4]

-End-

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Notes:

1. Referring to Japanese folktale 'tsuru no ongaeshi', translated approximately as 'The Crane's Repayment', but the English title seems to be 'The Crane Wife'. In short, the story goes something like this: a man saves a crane one day, and later, a woman appears by his house. They marry, but are poor, so the wife weaves cloths to sell. She tells the husband he must never look in the room whilst she is weaving because her true form is the crane and she is in fact weaving the fabric with her own feathers. The cloths fetch a high price, but one day, the man ends up looking into the room and the wife, as a crane, flies away. This story is generally told to kids.

2. The English word 'smoking' would be pronounced as 'sumokingu' in Japanese, which Aomine and Wakamatsu interpreted as 'sumo (wrestling) king'. The top-ranked sumo wrestlers hold a title called 'yokozuna' and according to the Jpn->Chn translator's notes, a 'great' yokozuna or 'super' yokozuna refers to a yokozuna who has achieved over 20 wins.

3. Not sure about the original Japanese, but the Chinese translation said "If I put my mind to it, assignments are nothing more than side dishes" which doesn't make as much sense in English, but is probably more apt, since Aomine ate all of Sakurai's dishes...

4. Sorry, I'm really not sure how to translate these last two lines. m(____)m I hope the meaning still got through.

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Wow, that was long. ^^;; Hope you enjoyed Touou and Ahomine's antics! Thank you for reading~ :D

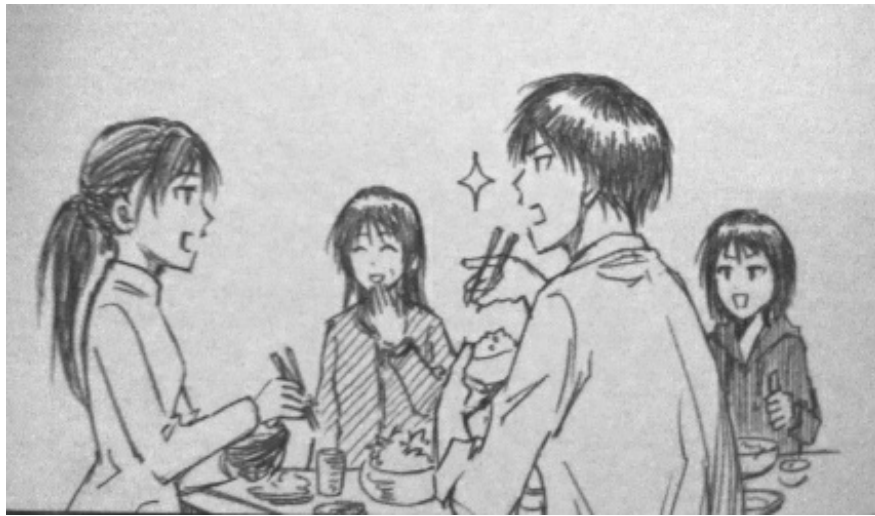
[translation] “Kuroko no Basuke -Replace II-, Omake: A Peaceful Morning in the Izuki Household”

 grimmfeather.wordpress.com/2014/01/25/translation-kuroko-no-basuke-replace-ii-omake-a-peaceful-morning-in-the-izuki-household/

1/25/2014

As per request!

イカのダジャレはドウニカしてくれー!



「黒子のバスケ -Replace II- キセキの学園祭」:

「おまけ: 伊月家の静かな朝」

— 藤巻忠俊, 平林佐和子

Kuroko no Basuke -Replace II- The School Festival of Miracles:

“Extra: A Peaceful Morning in the Izuki Household”

— by Fujimaki Tadatoshi and Hirabayashi Sawako

“I have an inkling you’ll like it.”

Translation:

The members of the Izuki family got along very well. At their house, the morning meal was always abuzz with lively conversation.

As Izuki Shun ate breakfast with his mother and younger sister, Mai, he picked up the soy sauce and said, “Mom, this tamari soy sauce is delicious.”

“Oh, really, dear? I got a good deal on it; the salesman was *laying it on thick*.”

“Well, it goes perfectly with this egg over rice. I guess that salesman wasn’t such a *bad egg*, after all.”

“Shun, why don’t you have some of this teriyaki squid? I have an *inkling* you’ll like it.”

“I’d be a *sucker* not to try it.”

Izuki extended his chopsticks toward the large plate heaped with teriyaki squid, but a pair of fingers suddenly swooped in and snatched a piece of squid right out of his grasp.

“Now, Aya. Mind your manners, please,” Izuki’s mother scolded Izuki’s older sister, a college student, who was busy munching on her piece of squid. She sat down next to Izuki and flashed them a smile.

“Yeah. The flavor really *sucks* you in.”

“Aneki, nice one!”

“Don’t *put all your eggs in one basket*, onee-chan... You need to try the cod *roe*, too.”

“That’s my little sister for you! Thanks for the great joke!”

Without a moment’s delay, Izuki pulled one of his joke books out from beneath the low dining table and jotted the pun down on paper.

“And thanks for the food!”

Izuki’s older sister put her hands together in a quick blessing, then picked up her bowl of miso soup.

“So the garnish on this morning’s miso is wheat gluten? I’ve been *through the mill* all week, but this is a perfect start to my day off.”

“Oh? Onee-chan, you’re not going to class today?”

“Maybe you’ll be *stuck* at home because you ate squid?”

“Shun, you’re on a roll! This wheat gluten is tasty, but that pun is the *cream of the crop*!”

“Aneki, that’s another good one!”

“Oh, Shun. You never miss a beat, do you? But you’re going to be late for school if you don’t hurry, dear.”

Izuki’s mother gestured to the clock hanging on the wall. Izuki glanced over at it—then panicked and stuffed some squid into his mouth.

“*Scuttled* on account of *cuttlefish*!”

Izuki left the house in a hurry and set off down the path to school at a brisk pace. When he rounded the street corner on his usual route, he happened to run into Hyuuga Junpei.

“Yo, Izuki. Mornin’.”

“Morning! But the sun’s way too bright to be *mourning*.”

Izuki smiled cheerfully at Hyuuga, who simply sighed and said, “Don’t make such lame jokes first thing in the morning...” Making retorts to Izuki’s puns was now practically part of his daily routine.

Even so, Izuki thought to himself, *But that was so funny! How could you not laugh? ...oh, I know! “That was a sigh deep in de-Nile.” What a great joke!*

Thus, another day began with Izuki in fine form.

Translation Notes:

The kanji for Izuki's sisters' names are 綾 (Aya; older sister) and 舞 (Mai; younger sister).

[FIN]

